## Amusements, etc., Chis Evening.

NIBLO'S GARDEN .- "The Black Crook." UNION SQUARE THEATER .- "Fun in a Fog." The Vokes WARLACK'S THEATER .- "Mimi." Mr. Dion Boucleault.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN. - Summer Night's Concert. SOMERVILLE ART GALLERY .- Exhibition of Paintings.

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#### Business Nonces.

BEST PLAN IN LIFE INSURANCE.—The all-The best Braces or Suspenders in the world are those made by First, CLARK & FLAGG. They make over two is red varieties. For sain at retail by all furnishing or clothing stor the Union. Ask for them, and look for their name on every pair.

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JOHN F. HENRY, New-York, Sole Agent. DIAMOND POINTED GOLD PENS.

To those engaged in mercanite pursuits, any invention that will facilitate their labor, is highly northy of notice as well as of extender parcoage. One of the ment important inventions of the presentage is that of a pen that pursues on the necessary qualities of firmness in mark and darality in use.

Prominentic such as these processes are the properties of the properti

oned by the sping who know the value of Form's Pans from con We, the salacribers, who know the value of Form's Pans from con the sping of them for a number of years, cheerfully recommend them to

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This absert also contains a description of the wooderful Possils discordered in the Rocky Mountains by the Laie College Expedition.

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Advertisements received at up-town offices, 544 W. 33d-st., or 308 W. 23d-st., till 8 p. m., at regular rates THE TRIBUNE IN EUROPE.—As office for TRIBUNE Advertisements and Subscriptions is now open in London, No. 88 Fleet-st., E. C. All English and Continental advertisements intended for insertion in The New-York Tribune should be sent direct to the London Office. Subscriptions for any period will be received at the same office, and single copies of the paper may always applications.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, 84 Ficet-st., E. C., London.

Persons leaving New-York for the Spring and Summer can have THE DAILY TRIBUNE mailed to them for \$1 per worth, or \$1 30. including postage. For \$1, exclusive of ocean postage, those who are trueding abroad can have any of the editions of THE TRIBUNE mailed to their bank ers for the following periods: Daily, one month; Semi-Weekly, three months; Weekly, six months.

During the construction of the front of the new Pribune wilding, The Tribune Office may be found in the first wilding in the rear on Spruce-st. The Pribune Counting toom is on the first floor, and is entered at the second door oven Spruce st. from the old site.

# New-Dork Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1873.

Numerous diplomas and medals have been awarded to Americans at Vienza. \_\_\_\_ The Carlists near Bilbao have fired on foreign vessels. \_\_\_ M. Thiers has been enthusinatically received at Belfort.

Prof. Hayden's report announces many discoveries. = The Pennsylvania Teachers' Association has adjourned. == Eleven persons were killed and 35 injured by a collision near Lemont, on the Chicago and Alton line. - The Hon, W. M. Meredith of Pennsylvania is = Fourteen Apache Indians were killed in a nght with United States troops. —— The New-Orleans Cotton Exchange reports on the cotton crop.

A petition was put in circulation asking the President to prevent the locking up of money. —— The Democratic factions have failed to agree on terms of coalition. —— Open air services were held at Ocean Grove and Merrick . Gerald won the Gentlemen's Cup, and Rummy the Ladies' Cup. at Monmouth Park. \_\_\_\_ The regatta of the Atalanta Boat Club was held. - Gold, 315, 1154, 1154. Thermometer, 71°, 86°, 721°, 67°, 76° 70°.

There is much said of local political combinations, but little has yet been done. At any man's office and rummage at will among present Tammany and Apollo Hall leaders are his papers, by what is practically a summary taiking of a combination of their houses, but | process, an amendment of the law will un

the former is indisposed to think that O'Brien has left the latter strength or character enough to justify alliance with it.

From Mexico we have the odd rumor that the German Government is currying favor with our sister Republic for the sake of securing Lower California for mining purposes. We do not believe that Germany is in search of mines; if she were, Lower California would be a good place for mining, but not for finding any precious metals.

Colorado has proved a prolific source of wonder to the pleasure-seekers; and a letter on the second page of THE TRIBUNE to-day gives a vivid glimpse of some of its attractions. This region of the great Republic is yet unspoiled by art and utilitarian "improve-'ments," and our correspondent's pleasant letter avoids the beaten track of the business tourist.

The appeal which is made to the President to put a stop to the operations of the gold clique is, of course, a stock-jobbing business, and a pitiful cry of the gamblers who have been cornered. Very little sympathy will be had for either clique in this fight. It is the merchants and farmers who are to be pitied and who ought to be protected if the Government is to interfere at all. But the Treasury 'locks up" gold, and is a party to the process which, it is claimed, threatens another miniature Black Friday.

The gentlemen riders at the Long Branch races on Saturday did not make very good time, but they certainly made a good deal of fun. Horsemen would probably have found little sport in races where the time is recorded as "probably the worst ever made on a racecourse." Fortunately, our regular racing reporter was not present, and a "Gentleman writer," who, like the "gentleman jockeys" of the occasion, knows nothing about racing, gives us an account as amusing as the races

By a disaster on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, eleven people have been killed and thirty-five wounded. Of this latter number, it is thought that several will not long survive their injuries. The report which we have received puts the entire responsibility for this "accident" on the conductor of a freight train who disobeyed orders, went on when he should have waited, and so ran into a passenger train coming down the road. Of course, this man is the guilty party, if the report be true; but he is said to have decamped; therefore there can be no reparation for this shocking loss of life and cruel maiming. There will be heavy bills of damages brought against the managers of the line, undoubtedly; and the fugitive conductor may be caught; but, after all, the total loss of human life is one which we must contemplate, it would seem, without any prospect of attempt at compensation.

## CUSTOM-HOUSE SEIZURES.

A firm of importers in this city, having been charged, on the testimony of a former clerk, with defrauding the revenue by undervaluation of invoices, was visited recently by Special Agent Jayne, commonly known as "Handcuff Jayne," who seized a number of books and papers, and conducted himself in a violent and, according to the statements of the firm, in a needlessly offensive and brutal manner. It is also asserted that he carried away books and papers which his warrant gave him no authority to touch; this in the face of the protests of the importers and their counsel and against the advice of the United States District-Attorney. Mr. Jayne has accordingly been sued for assault and trespass, and the damages are laid at \$50,000.

We have no opinion to express touching the charge of fraud out of which the troubles grew. If Messrs. Platt and Boyd have sworn to false invoices it is to be hoped that they will be properly punished. But whether they are innocent or guilty, we trust that their suit against Mr. Jayne may be pressed to a speedy trial. The system of procedure for suspected fraud under our revenue laws is one under which scandalous abuses, if not always committed, are always possible. Mr. Jayne himself explained it before the last Custom-house Investigating Committee. The promise of a moiety to informers induces clerks to play the spy and denounce the real or supposed frauds, errors, and irregularities of their employers; or if no informer present himself, the Special Agent himself may apply for a warrant on his simple "information and belief." Mr. Javne then visits the counting-house of the suspected parties, puts a stop to their business, injures their credit, carries off their books, reads their private correspondence, and in this manner searches for evidence. If he find no fraud in the particular importation to which his attention is first directed, he is at liberty to hunt at random in the chance of stumbling upon a wrong somewhere else. "If 'I were fishing for bull-heads," said Mr. Javne to the Committee, "and caught a trout, I would not throw it back into the stream." The books and papers may be ransacked in this way for weeks and months, and meanwhile the transactions of the merchants are brought to a stand, and their reputation inevitably suffers. It is said that innocent men are sometimes induced to compromise" the claims of the Special Agent, and pay a large sum of money to get rid of further annoyance; and Mr. Jayne has testified that when he wants to frighten them into surrender he sometimes dangles before their eyes a pair of handcuffs. The cases of Naylor & Co. and Phelps, Dodge & Co. will readily occur to our readers as conspicuous examples of the abuses of the seizure system, and several others, of a more or less flagrant character, were brought to light during the investigation to which we have alluded. We recollect one in particular-the case of a firm whose books were seized on account of an alleged discrepancy between the Custom-house weight and the invoice weight of a cargo of wool. An attempt was made to force them to compromise for \$140,000, but they resisted so firmly that after long delay the case was dropped, and it afterward turned out that the Custom-house weigher, upon

Now it is very certain that the statute does not contemplate these reckless and violent proceedings on suspicion, and it is of the utmost importance for the mercantile community to understand just how far a Special Agent may be allowed to go. We hope, therefore, that the Platt & Boyd case will be made a test, and if it should be decided that irresponsible officers of the revenue have power to go into

whose figures the seizure was based, had never

weighed the wool at all.

doubtedly be insisted upon at the next session

AN IMPOBTANT EXPERIMENT. The claims of rival scaports to the consideration of Western shippers of grain are intelligently referred to in one of our letters from the Special Correspondent of THE TRIB-UNE in Illinois. It is stated that the apparent discrimination against New-York and in favor of other Eastern cities, which has been recently discussed in . this and other papers, is not due to any action of Western shippers or corporations, but to the fact that the roads running to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston find it to their interest to make such reshipping to the ports where they terminate. steamers in the two first-named cities affords, of course, a strong inducement for the railroads which serve them to take all practicable measures to divert in that direction the commercial movement which has been hitherto almost entirely confined to New-York. Another fact in this letter has a bearing upon a most important feature of the controversy now at issue between the producers and handlers of grain. Many of the produce shippers in the interior of Illinois send loaded cars directly through to the New-England towns where the grain is consumed, thus avoiding the cost and trouble of handling in New-York or Boston. From this it is only a step to the action already initiated in Champaign County, in the same State.

Among our special dispatches of Saturday, of the series which are to complete and supplement the admirable correspondence of THE TRIBUNE, which has given and will continue to give the only full and trustworthy account of the Farmers Movement accessible to Eastern readers, we printed this important piece of news. The farmers of Champaign County have introduced a hopeful variety into their discussions and denunciations of the railroads, and have begun a practical experiment in cooperation. They have clubbed together and sent nineteen carloads of corn to market on their own account, and propose to send their entire crop in the same way. We will not pause to remark that even in this measure of practical reform the trail of the corporation appears-these farmers having obtained a license from the State to enable them to act in a corporate capacity-but we welcome this action as the most cheering indication we have yet seen that the controversy which has as yet developed little but angry words is now enfrom which nothing but good can result. No men nor class of men ever lose anything by learning the limitations of their powers. Every sincere experiment which shall assist in showing the farmers, and the corporations also, just how far they are independent of each other, and how far they are mutually dependent, will be of great benefit in this question. The direction in which the farmers of Champaign County are making their efforts, is one which has always seemed to us to promise the most widely satisfactory results. It is too plain for argument that any measures which tend to dispense with the intervention of middlemen will increase the gains and the legitimate influence of the producer in the market. The very fact of the existence of the middlemen, and their relative importance, demonstrates the difficulty of the task of dispensing with them. But the end proposed by these energetic and enterprising farmers is one in which almost every one can sympathize, and the way which they have chosen to accomplish it is that which most strongly commends itself to all who desire to see popular reforms effected by legal and orderly means. Amid all the miseries and obstacles which beset the path of modern industry, Cooperation is the one unobjectionable system which offers itself to the judgment and the conscience alike of employers and employed. It is too slow for the agitator and too just for the tyrant-but it is the best and most effective weapon of the law-abiding citizen who lives by his labor.

# MR. HOAR'S LETTER.

The Hon. Geo. F. Hoar has published in The Worcester Gazette a spicy and entertaining letter, devoted partly to the subject of his own back-pay and partly to the character of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler. They are both picturesque subjects; but our business at present is only with the former of them. By reference to the table which we published two weeks ago, it will be seen that Mr. Hoar is one of the Congressmen who voted steadily against the back-pay bill from first to last. His judgment of that measure was a pretty sound one so far as it went. He calls it "a very objectionable and extreme 'exercise of an admitted constitutional power," an exercise of power "so gross, so uncalled for, so extreme, as to constitute an abuse of the ' confidence" placed in Congress by the Constitution. Moreover, Mr. Hoar knew something about the history of the bill which gave it a still more offensive appearance. "A prop-"osition to increase the salary of the Presi-"dent," he says, "had been voted out of "order by a majority of the Committee of "the Whole when moved-as an amendment "to an appropriation bill. The same thing, and largely by the same votes, was voted to be in order with the addition of the "clause increasing the salaries of members of "Congress." It was a shameful transaction from beginning to end. It was a gross breach of confidence, a breach of decorum, and a breach of parliamentary law. The national strong-box was first opened a little way, just to let the President get his hand in, and the honorable members of Congress sat on the lid and said, "Oh, no, that is 'wrong-unless we go shares with you." Then it was opened a little more for their benefit-and at-once the members who were going home for good, and had not been reelected, put in their protest, and clamored for back-pay as the price of voting for the prospective increase. That is the way the salarygrab was managed, and Mr. Hoar, "instantly on the passage of the bill," "determined

not to receive the money." It is a pity that the good sense of the Massachusetts Representative should have deserted him just at this critical moment. If it was unbecoming for him to receive the money, it was because the money did not equitably belong to him. If taking back-pay out of the Treasury was "a gross abuse of confidence," then it was the business of an honest man to put it back where it belonged. Legally it was his; that is to say, he could not be convicted of theft or embezzlement in taking it; but morally it was not his; not his to keep, and therefore not his to give away. Mr. Hoar, however, instead of returning the money to the Treasury, from which he himself declares that it ought not to have been drawn, presented it to the Worcester Institute. If it was wrong for him to take it, was it not equally at the modern tipple of some of our hav-

pay business is the apparent inability of acute and-as people have hitherto supposed-highminded men to comprehend the essential character of the transaction. Mr. Hoar admits that the money is too dirty for an hon-orable man to handle; Mr. Roosevelt of New-York, Mr. Bright and Mr. Whitthorne of Tennessee, Mr. McCormick and Mr. Wells of Missouri, Mr. Price of Georgia, and one or two others, virtually acknowledge the same thing; and yet they assume that it is not too dirty for an honorable man to give it away. So Senator Morton, and a few like him, are understood to admit that it was wrong to vote the money, and would be disgraceful to accept it, and they vow that duction upon through freights as to attract they do not intend to touch it; yet they leave it on deposit to their credit in the hands of The recent establishment of a line of ocean the disbursing officers of Congress, where they can get it at any time, or their heirs can get it in case of their death. No, gentlemen; that will not do. There is only one honorable way to dispose of that back pay; put it back where it belongs.

> A SUGGESTION TO CONTROLLER GREEN. By a special and most reasonable provision in the Supply bill of 1873, the State tax of this and every other county in the State is due to May. The quota of the County of New-York for this year is between nine and ten million dollars, and up to the present time only a million and a half dollars have been paid. We are at a loss to comprehend why the payment is not completed.

By Controller Green's financial statement for the month ended July 31, we see that he had issued up to that date only \$8,400,000 of Revenue bonds in anticipation of the taxes of the current year. He has authority to issue to the full amount of the taxes to be collected, or \$27,000,000. Why, then, does he not issue \$8,000,000 more of Revenue bonds and finish up the payment of the State tax at once? The condition of the State Treasury, with the sinking funds provided by the Constitution for the redemption of the funded debt used up to pay current expenses, has been a disgrace to the State these many years. Not less disgraceful is the cool impudence with which many of the County Treasurers disregard the laws requiring a prompt payment of the balances in their hands belonging to the State. We need reform in many of the details of financial administration, in the nation, in the State, and in the city. The same promptness and punctuality should be observed by the city in the discharge of its obligations tering upon a stage of practical experiment to the State as the rules of business require of merchants and bankers of good standing.

#### TOWN OR COUNTRY? It is at this season that the tired denizen of the pent-up city goes inland to investigate

and, if he can, to enjoy the peculiarities of the

rural districts. He sees the hay cut and the

cows milked; he sleeps perhaps in a stubby

little room upon a murderous and smothering

feather bed; he lives upon salt meat and badly-cooked vegetables, and is laughed at or pitied for his depraved taste if he does not devour them with the appetite of a plow-man. He fancies that he is extremely happy, but none the less is he delighted to get back to his cool, perfectly-appointed and comfortable house and to exchange the solitude of green leaves for the bustle of Broadway. Two men could not be more differently constituted than Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, yet they agreed in thinking London to be the true Paradise. From one point of view they were right. Whatever may be the disadvantages of the city, it is usually a concentration of the conveniences of life, while there are simple as well as creditable tastes which in the country it is almost impossible to gratify, at least without inordinate trouble and expense. Some of these tastes, it is true, are artificial, and yet, by long use, they have become secondarily natural, and are not taken the part of the immortal pair. Which to be lightly disregarded. The poet said "try." Yet, in spite of the antithesis, it is equally true that God made the town; nor is it to be supposed that all the blessings of the gray-haired, hooknosed gambler, with his Providence stop with the grassy fields and the cabbage gardens. It is in the city that the keeper in her frouzy "front" and black alpaca, man who has money, much or little, to spend can spend it according to his tastes;-can buy books, pictures, handsome raiment, and be nice and curious in his diet. It is in the city that he can see what it is quite out of his power to purchase; can at a cheap rate enter the galleries and carry away memories of the best works of art; can hear music and refresh himself with the best personations of the stage; can always get a newspaper-The Tribune for instance-when he wants one; can command service when there is need of it; and, above all, through the competition of tradesmen, can lay out his money to the best advantage. He does not grow stagnant, lumpish, and somnolent, for he is kept upon the qui vive by constant contact with his neighbors and by fresh reports coming almost hourly, through post or telegraph, from all parts of the world. These are the things which the city-bred man misses, when he goes into Summer retreats, and their want to him is a real one. He misses also the artificial manners of the townthe suavity, the comity, and the simulated deference to which he has been accustomed, and which, however wanting in sincerity, are not altogether without a genuine value. On the other hand, there is a great deal to

be said for the country. Rural life now is not at all as it is painted by Theocritus and Bion, by Virgil, or by the English imitators of the ancients. All the conventional poetical aspects seem to have gone out with the sheepto have disappeared with the shepherds playing upon oaten pipes for the amusement of blushing maidens in short petticoats. The bucolic joys of a Greek or Italian farm are as dead as the minstrels who sang of them-they are inconsistent with steam reapers and applied chemistry. Damon and Alexis would not be very useful in picking up stones in a Massachusetts meadow. Daphne and Delia would be very much in the way in a Vermont dairy. We have sweet and fond traditions of the golden age of rustic innocence, but we have quite outlived the buttermilk enjoyments of the ecloque and the bucolic. Still, even in these days, degenerate or regenerate, but, in either case, days of the railway and the telegraph and the newspaper, the country keeps something of its genuine value. A paragraph before us thus sums up the merits of a hamlet in New-Hampshire: "Thrift and prosperity are noticeable in --: rum is scarce, land good, women pretty, and farmers happy." We are glad to hear so good a report of the "rum" - the gay villagers encountered by Horace upon his journey, literally up to their eyes in the joys of the vintage, would have made frightful faces

fashion-plates of the magazines, the neathanded Phyllis of the country is charming at least for a change. There is a chance that she may have something left of girlish innocence and simplicity-that she will not talk of books which she does not understand and possibly has not seen -that she cares nothing for the modes, is without the slightest notion of the opera, and finds enjoyment in the simple incidents of the house and the village. Then there is also the manly simplicity of the country, by which we do not mean ignorance and stupidity, but a natural good sense and innate verity which justly estimate the conditions and phenomena of human life. If we do not find upon the farm the most fastidious taste, or the most artistic cultivation, or the most elaborate manners, we are pretty sure, where there is no pinching poverty, to encounter cheerfulness and hospitality and the best refinement of perfect sincerity.

It is a proof of the goodness of Providence that every condition of life has its advantages and its peculiar sources of happiness; and it is true wisdom to be contented with that condition to which we are called. After all, most of us thrive best in the soil in which we are well planted. It is not the houses and the State Treasurer on or before the 1st of the streets which make the city, but those who frequent them; it is not the acres which make the country, but those who cultivate them. He is wisest who best utilizes his circumstances, or to translate it, his surroundings,-and happiness, if we deserve it, will find us, wherever our lot may be cast.

THE TWO IMMORTALS. During the Summer, bulls and bears, millionaires and paupers, scholars and swells fade out of view, and one catches sight of the Man and the Woman, smiling, frowning, coquetting, meeting, turning away, but withal, gradually approaching each other. They have been approaching each other and playing their pretty pantomime since the days before the Flood until now; the same two immortal lovers under many names. What were History without their sweet story going on from age to age? Where would Achilles and Hector have found their chance of a career but for Helen's coquetries? Whence could have arisen the chaos out of which was born the later civilization of the middle ages but for the Crusader going about, lance in rest, to vindicate the shape of his lady's nose or the color of her bair? Science to those happy children of the old time was nothing but the same old story personified. When the harvest was plentiful it was Jove who had wooed the earth to a warmer smile. If the moonlight slept softly on a hidden, forest nook, behold the chaste, cold huntress Diana from the skies wakening Endymion with a kiss!

Nowadays, here are the two lovers still clad in redingote and suit of linen duck instead of thunders and moonbeams, but still immortal, still young, still, in their own peculiar sense, divine. Summer is their holiday. They play their wonderful enchanted drama in a thousand shapes and under a thousand names. Which of us has not seen them, this week, to-day, at Long Branch, swashed overhead in salt water and jelly-fish, climbing the Kaatskills, floating in a mackerel-boat off Nantucket, jolting side by side in a city street-car? But dust, nor mackerels, nor jelly-fish can destroy the dreamy glamour about them, nor the signs by which they are known. All mankind and womankind recognize them, hide as they will, and have for them a kindly, indulgent smile. Whether Celadon gives Celia a diamond ring in her ball-room bouquet, or hands her a leg of the lamb his folks have just killed, in at the kitchen window-who does not know the sign of the hot, delicious fever that began in Eden, and has spread its sweet contagion from ancient Asia to the frozen North? All mankind love lovers, it is said, only because they, too, have of us has not played that world-old, unprettily enough that "God made the coun- changing drama to its conclusion, well or ill? most foreign farmers have in a life-time. In con-Not you, only, blushing little shop-girl, Jeannette with your honest, shabby Jeannot, but says that if there is one thing more difficult than racing stables, and the widow boarding-houseand, oddest of all, the fast New-York belle on the look-out for a good match. Which of us has not, while that fond fever lasted, risen to hights of unselfishness and a generosity unknown before? How wonderful, as though newborn, was the world to us then? How every man was a brother, who had known our pain and tasted our joy; how dreadful a thing it was to be alive; how near was God behind that life! Now, perhaps, our thoughts run into banking or housekeeping channels, and our "brother" is lost behind clerks or grocers, and God behind the unpaid debt on

the new church. So now if Celadon and Celia coming into view in this bright August weather engross too much of its air and sun, let us forgive them their innocent selfishness in the remembrance of the days when we too acted their divine drama and so were better men and women than we are, and bid them godspeed upon their way, "thridding the somber boscage of 'this wood unto the morning star."

# MRS. DR. MULLIGAN.

The election of Gen. B. F. B. to be the next Excellency of Massachusetts may now be considered, should nothing occur to prevent it, just as certain as any earthly event can possibly be. All is fish that comes to the General's net. That eminent professor of the healing art, Mrs. Dr. Mulligan of Boston, has ranged herself, petticoats, pill-boxes, and all, upon his side; she has declared her perfect confidence in him as a man and a Major-General; the votes may be considered as good as counted, and Mr. Butler as good as elected, inaugurated, and seated in the gubernatorial chair. How this premature consummation came about may be briefly stated. On the 6th inst. the Labor Reformers of Massachusetts held a State Convention in Lowell. The attendance (seventy-five delegates) was small; the doings were dignified and orderly; the main matter discussed was the Ten Hours' system; and the conclusion naturally reached by the Convention was that it would support nobody for any office who did not come out in writing plainly and plumply for Ten Hours. So extremely unwilling was the Convention to pass upon any other matter that it actually tabled the following:

"Resolved, That this Convention of workingmen recog nize the recent 'Congressional Salary Grab' us a clear steal, and consider those who voted therefor, also the President, who lobbied for and signed the bill, as plunderers more worthy of the penitentiary than of public

-We shall see presently why this sensible resolution met with a fate so untimely. The uneasy spirits, who were kept well in band by Judge Cowley, the President of the Conven-The most remarkable thing about this back- and if we can find be uncontaminated by the ered to be a good energetic time really amountwrong for the Institute to do the same thing | makers. Pretty women are pretty anywhere; tion, not to be cut off from what they consid-

ing to something, held a sort of free and easy outside Mass-Meeting in the evening. Judge Cowley was again in the chair, but as this meeting belonged to everybody, and did not pretend to act for anybody in particular, His Honor appears to have relaxed a little his judicial rigidity. The Convention in the morning had refused to indorse any candidates, but the Mass-Meeting was not so reticent, and pledged the General its earnest support at the polls next November. This, of itself, would have been nothing. Mass-Meetings are always pledging themselves to do something "next November," and are always, before that bright and lively month has arrived, forgetting all about it,

It was then that Mrs. Dr. Mulligan-whose pardon we politely beg for having kept her so long waiting-walked to the chairman's desk, not for the purpose of feeling the pulse of that officer and of prescribing for him some mild sedative-not in a professional, but a political capacity. We have heard of a Pythoness upon a tripod, but Mrs. Dr. diligan stood upon her "limbs," and in a low and sweet, or, perhaps, in a loud and hoarse voice, exclaimed: "I second that motion"-the motion, that is, to stand by the General "next November." "I second that motion," exclaimed she, "for I know that Gen. Butler is our proper candidate." And here the reporter tells us that the medical lady "brought her hand down on the desk with a decisive "whack," which reminds us of that fine Irish song:

#### "O whack! Judy O'Flannigan, Dearly she loves her Looney McTwolter."

Another report says that Mrs. Dr. Mulligan also "doubled up her fist," and that there was "a general commotion." We should think so. Especially when irreverent boys in the gallery began to make allusions to the color of this heroine's hair. The anti-Butler men appear to have been fairly frightened out of their boots. The General's certificate was rapidly "put through," and the Mass-Meeting, with many howls, resolved itself finally into its original elements. The only question left to be considered is the accuracy of Mrs. Dr. Mulligan's diagnosis. She knows that the General "is the proper candidate "-and now the reader also knows why the Salary Grab Resolution was laid on the table in the Convention.

All towns in these days are liable to be invaded by Count, if not by a Duke or a Marquis. Little Falls has had the Count Alfred de Lengueville, a nember of "one of the highest and most aristocratic families in France." He was, of course, waiting for remittances, and until they came he consented to teach his native tongue. He fell in love with a fair factory girl, and as virtue and beauty and that sort of thing, and not rank, were what he wanted, he frankly avowed his intention of making the Little Falls damsel a Countess. He selected silks and jewels and laces for his bride, and promised to pay for them upon the receipt of the long lingering re mittances. They didn't come, but another man did who had the advantage of having known the Count before, and who, with the full knowledge that such words were actionable, proclaimed him to be a thief, loafer, and unprincipled impostor. To avoid controversy, the Count Alfred de Lengueville borrowed a pair of pantaloons of a too contiding friend and ranaway in them. We congratulate the pretty factory girl upon her escape. Once more the American young woman in general has received a warning which we trust will be heeded. There need be no mistake. There are ways in plenty in which a genuine Count can prove his nobility, and we take it for granted that no sensible American girl wishes to marry one of the bogus sort.

There is just now in England an effort making to substitute poultry for meat, on the ground of the high price of the latter. This is found practicable in the country, but in London the cost of the ducks and chickens precludes any idea of economy, as it would in this country in cities, and (we are afraid in the rural regions also. Yet with our large farms and the ease with which poultry is cared for, especially in Southern latitudes, there is no reason why it should not be abundant and cheap. For want of thought, Americans waste more ground and more opportunities for money-making in ten years than nection with the poultry question an English writer another to obtain in London it is fresh eggs; and that if it were well known that any establishment could be depended upon to furnish these, a large profit would be certain. We commend this statement to the independent American citizen. If in New-York for instance there were a shop where people could be absolutely sure of finding fresh eggs, perfectly pure milk and other country dainties, they would not complain in being asked to pay slightly increased prices. The piquant little description which Mr. Charles Reade in "The Simpleton" gives of such a shop and its success is not one impossible

in this wise: "A fierce, wierd, and fearful gloom lowered over the walls of Toledo, Ohio; the clock struck one, as a piercing but quickly-smothered shrick resounded o'er the most of the castle "-but we refrain from this appropriate style to speak in numbers more practical. In the year 1860, at the said city of Toledo, Arrasteenia Govington, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Modesta Govington, was stolen from her distracted parents, taken far away, and kept in close confinement by divers persons interested in having her out of the way in order to gain possession of a few thousand dollars of property belonging to her. Her imprisonment lasted until '68, when she escaped, and has ever since been searching, though in vain, for her father and mother, the Christian names of the same being respectively Modesta and Arrasteenia Minette. It is an appeal for information concerning them from the young lady-who may be addressed at Watertown, N. Y .which gives us these facts. In the face and eyes of the story here implied, shall mankind maintain that the average gorgeous-romantic novelist is natrue to art and nature? A better foundation for a thrilling tale from the celebrated pen of the talented Gabble could not be imagined—and the names ready-made,

What we are about to say might well be begun

There is a town in Kennebee County, Maine, where one man holds the office of Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Noble Grand of an Odd Fellows' lodge, President of a Young Men's Christian Association, Superintendent of three Sunday-schools, justice of the peace, and foreman of a jury, besides holding official position in three distinct Temperance organizations, and attending to his regular business as an insurance agent. That now is the sort of man to play a hurdy-gurdy with one hand and a fiddle with the other, a bag-pipe with his elbow, and a bass drum with one foot, while he whistled an accompaniment and used his spare foot to kick a dog, and held a contribution box on his knee. And yet they say business is dull in Maine and no ships a-building.

Bishop Glossbrenner of the United Brethren declines to be made a Doctor of Divinity by the Otterbein University. His reasons are worth recording. He does not discuss the question whether it is proper to confer such titles on the ministers of Christ. But if so, he thinks that these doctor-dignities should be given to men of qualifications of a much higher order, intellectually and morally. he makes any pretension to. We admire the Bishop's modesty; we have no doubt he is a good man, and we think that he puts his refusal upon the right ground. If a clergyman be distinguished for his mastery of the science of divinity, the title of doctor of that kind is proper enough; but the double D